Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Miſtreſſes giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne ſhapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweet Roſes in this ſummer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweet commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roſes blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What ſhall we do,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to woo?
Roſa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduiſed,
Let's mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Diſguis'd like Muſcouites in ſhapeleſſe geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Qnee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſaue you. Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie command me any ſeruice to her,
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word,
Boy. I will and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons peaſe,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Waſſels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and liſpe: Why this is he.
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the Ape of forme, Mounſier the nice.
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable tearmes, nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanly, and in Vſhering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him ſweet.
The ſtaires as he treads on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the flower that ſmiles on euery one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the duty of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my ha
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer'
Till this madman ſhew'd thee? And what art thou
King. All haile ſweet Madame, and faire time
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may
Qu. Then wiſh me better, I will giue leaue.
King. We came to viſit you and purpoſe now
To leade you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Qu. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prou
The vertue of your eye muſt breake my oath.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould ha
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the vnſallied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt: